

THE  
ACTORS

NAMES.

**R**EMOVR the Presentor.  
King Henry the Fourth.  
Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henry the Fifth.  
Prince John of Lancaster.  
Humphrey of Gloucester. } Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.  
Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.  
The Arch Byshop of Yorke.  
Mowbray.  
Hastings.  
Lord Bardolfe.  
Trauers.  
Morton.  
Coleville.

Warwicke.  
Westmerland.  
Surrey.  
Gowre.  
Harecourt.  
Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Shallow. } Both Country  
Silence. } Iustices.  
Daue, Scruant to Shallow.  
Phang, and Snare, 2. Sericants  
Mouldie.  
Shadow. }  
Wart. } Country Soldiers  
Feeble.  
Bulcalfe.

Opposites against King Henry the Fourth.

Pointz.  
Falstaffe.  
Bardolphe. } Irregular  
Pistoll. } Humourists.  
Peto.  
Page.

Northumberlands Wife.  
Percies Widdow.  
Hostesse Quickly.  
Doll Teare-sheete.  
Epilogue.

Drawers  
Beadles.  
Groomes



The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

**O** For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend  
The brightest Heauen of Invention:  
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,  
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.  
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,  
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles  
(Least in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:  
The star vnrayed Spirits, that hath dar'd,  
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth  
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold  
The wastie fields of France? Or may we cramme  
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes  
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?  
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may  
Attost in little place a Million,  
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Account,

On your imaginarie Forces worke.  
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls  
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,  
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,  
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.  
Peerce out our imperfections with your thoughts:  
Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,  
And make imaginarie Puissance.  
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them:  
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' receiving Earth:  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,  
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;  
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres  
Into an Houre-glasse: for the which supplie,  
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;  
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

**Bish. Cant.**  
**B**Y Lord, he tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,  
Which in th' eleuenth yere of y<sup>e</sup> last Kings reign  
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,  
But that the scambling and vnquiet time  
Did push it out of farther question.

**Bish. Ely.** But how my Lord shall we resist it now?  
**Bish. Cant.** It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,  
We loose the better halfe of our Possession:  
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout  
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,  
Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,  
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,  
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,  
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:  
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age  
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,  
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:  
And to the Coffers of the King beside,  
A thousand pounds by th' yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

**Bish. Ely.** This would drinke deepe.  
**Bish. Cant.** 'T would drinke the Cup and all.  
**Bish. Ely.** But what preuention?

**Bish. Cant.** The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

**Bish. Ely.** And a true louer of the holy Church.  
**Bish. Cant.** The courses of his youth promis'd it not.  
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,  
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,  
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an Angell came,  
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;  
Leauing his body as a Paradise,  
T' inuolop and containe Celestiall Spirits.  
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:  
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,  
With such a heady currance scowring faults:  
Nor neuer Hydra-headed Wilfulnesse  
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;  
As in this King.

**Bish. Ely.** We are blessed in the Change.  
**Bish. Cant.** Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;  
And all-admiring, with an inward with  
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:  
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;  
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:  
Lift his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare  
A fearefull Battaille rendred you in Musique.

Turne